Snakes in my hart bloud warmd, that sting my hart,
Three Iudasses, each one thrise worse then Iudas,
Would they make peace? terrible hel,
Make war vpon their spotted soules for this.
Scro. Sweet loue I see changing his property,
Turnes to the sow rest and most deadly hate,
Againe, vncurse their soules, their peace is made
With heads and not with hands, those whom you curse
Haue felt the worst of deathes destroying wound,
And lie full low grau'd in the hollow ground.
Aum. Is Bushie, Greene, and the Earle of Wiltshire dead.
Scro. I all of them at Bristow lost their heads.
Aum. Where is the Duke my father with his power?
King No matter where, of comfort no man speake:
Lets talke of graues, of worms, and Epitaphs,
Make dust our paper, and with rainy eies,
Write sorrow on the bosome of the earth.
Lets choose executors and talke of wils:
And yet not so, for what can we bequeath,
Saue our deposed bodies to the ground?
Our landes, our liues, and all are Bullingbrookes,
And nothing can we call our owne, but death:
And that small modle of the barren earth,
Which serues as paste, and couer to our bones,
For Gods sake let vs sit vpon the ground,
And tell sad stories of the death of Kings,
How some haue beene deposd, some slaine in warre,
Some haunted by the ghosts they haue deposed,
Some poisoned by their wiues, some sleeping kild;
All murthered, for within the hollow crowne
That roundes the mortall temples of a king,
Keepes death his court, and there the antique sits,
Scoffing his state and grinning at his pompe,
Allowing him a breath, a litle scene,
To monarchise be feard, and kil with lookes,
Infusing him with selfe and vaine conceit,
As if this flesh which wals about our life,
Were brasse impregnable: and humord thus, Comes

Com[illegible] at the last, and with a little pin
Boares thorough his Castle wall, and farewell King;
Couer your heades, and mocke not flesh and bloud,
With solemne reuerence, throw away respect,
Tradition, forme, and ceremonious duetie,
For you haue but mistooke me all this while:
I liue with bread like you, feele want,
Taste griefe, neede friends, subiected thus,
How can you say to me, I am a King?
Carleil My lord, wisemen nere sit and waile their woes,
But presently preuent the wayes to waile,
To feare the foe, since feare oppresseth strength,
Giues in your weakenes strength vnto your foe,
And so your follies fight against your selfe:
Feare and be slaine, no worse can come to fight,
And fight and die, is death destroying death,
Where fearing dying, paies death seruile breath.
Aum. My father hath a power, inquire of him,
And learne to make a body of a limme.
King Thou chidst me well, prowd Bullingbrooke, I come
To change blowes with thee for our day of doome:
This agew fit of feare is ouerblowne,
An easie taske it is to winne our owne.
Say Scroope, where lies our vncle with his power?
Speake sweetely man although thy lookes be sower.
Scroope Men iudge by the complexion of the skie,
The state and inclination of the day;
So may you by my dull and heauy eie:
My tongue hath but a heauier tale to say,
I play the torturer by small and small
To lengthen out the worst that must be spoken:
Your vncle Yorke is ioynd with Bullingbrooke,
And all your Northerne castles yeelded vp,
And all your Southerne Gentlemen in armes
Vpon his partie.
King Thou hast said enough:
Beshrew thee cousin which didst leade me forth